THE

SPANISH DESCENT:

A

POEM.

By the Author of *The True-Born Engliſhman.*

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A

POEM.

THE SPANISH DESCENT. A POEM.

LOng had this Nation been amus'd in vain
With Posts from *Portugal*, and News from *Spain*;
With *Or——d*'s Conquests, and the Fleets Success,
And Favours from the *Moors* at *Maccanes's*.
The Learned *Mob* bought Compasses and Scales,
And every Barber knew the *Bay* of *Cales*,
Show'd us the Army here, and there the Fleet,
Here the Troops Land, and there the Foes Retreat.
There at St. *Maries* how the Spaniard runs,
and listen close as if they heard the Guns,
And some pretend they see them— the Nuns.

Others describe the Castle and *Puntalls*,
And tell how easie 'tis to Conquer *Cales*;
Wisely propose to let the Silver come,
And help to Pay the Nation's Debts at Home.
But still they count the Spoils without the Cost,
And still the News came faster than the Post.

The Graver Heads, like Mountebanks of State,
Of Abdication and Revolts Debate,
Expect a Revolution should appear
As Cheap and Easie as it had done here.
Bring the revolting *Grandees* to the Coast,
And give the Duke *D' Anjou* up for Lost.
Doom him to *France* to seek Relief in vain,
And send the Duke of *Austria* to *Spain*.
Canvas the Council at *Madrid*, and find
How all the Spanish Courtiers stand enclin'd.
Describe the strange Convulsions of the State,
And Old *Carreroe*'s Sacrific'd to Fate.
Then all the Stage of Action they Survey,
And wish our Generals knew as much as they.

Some have their Fancies so exceeding Bold,
They saw the Queens fall out, and heard 'em Scold:
Nor is the thing so strange, for if they did,
'Twas Talking from *Toledo* to *Madrid*.

And now the Farce is acting o'er again,
The meaning of our Mischiefs to Explain.
The Learned *Mob c'er-read* in Arms and Law,
The Cause of their Miscarriages foresaw.
Tell us the Loitering Minutes were mis-spent,
Too long a going, and too few that went.

Exalt

Exalt the Catalonian Garriſon,
The New made Works, the Platform, and the *Town*.
Tell us it was Impoſſible to Land,
And all their Batteries ſunk into the Sand.

Some are all Banter, and the Voyage Deſpiſe;
For fruitleſs Actions ſeldom paſs for Wiſe.
Tell us 'twas like our *Engliſh* Politicks,
To think to wheedle *Spain* with *Hereticks*.
The diſproportion'd Force they Banter too;
The Ships too many, and the Men too few.

Then they find fault with Conduct, and condemn
Sometimes the Officers, ſometimes the Men:
Nor ſcapes his Grace the *Satyr* of the *Town*;
Whoever fails Succeſs, ſhall fail Renown.
Sir *George* comes in among the Indiſcreet;
Sometimes the Armies cenſur'd, then the Fleet;
How the abandon'd *Country* they deſtroy'd,
And made their early Declarations void;
Too haſty Proofs of their Protection gave,
Plundering the People they came there to Save.
As if the *Spaniards* were ſo plagu'd with *France*,
To fly to Thieves for their Deliverance.

But amongſt all the Wiſdom of the *Town*,
The vaſt Deſigns of Fate remains unknown,
Ungueſt at, unexpected, hid from Thoughts,
For no Man look'd for Bleſſings in our Faults.
Miſchances ſometimes are a Nation's Good,
Rightly Improv'd, and Nicely Underſtood.

Ten Years we felt the Dying Pangs of War,
And fetch'd our Grief and Miſeries from far.

Our *Engliſh* Millions Foreign War maintains,
And *Engliſh* Blood has Drencht the Neighbouring Plains.
Nor ſhall we Bluſh to Boaſt what all Men own,
Uncommon *Engliſh* Valour has been ſhown;
The forward Courage of our *Ill Paid Men*,
Deſerves more Praiſe than Nature ſpares my Pen.
What cou'd they not Perform, or what Endure?
Witneſs the Mighty Baſtions of *Namure*.
We faſted much, and we attempted more,
But ne'er cou'd come to giving Thanks before,
Unleſs 'twas when the Fatal Strife was o're.
Some ſecret *Achan* Curſt our Enterprize,
And *Iſrael* fled before her Enemies.

Whether the Poiſonous Particles were hid
In Us that Follow'd, *or in Them that Led:*
What Fatal Charm benumb'd the Nations Senſe,
To ſtruggle with Eternal Providence:
Whether ſome Curſe, or elſe ſome *Perjur'd Vow*,
Or ſome ſtrange Guilt that's expiated now:
Was it the *Pilots* who ill ſteer'd the State;
Or was it the Deciſive Will of Fate;
'Tis hard to tell; but this too well we know,
All things went backward, or went on too ſlow;
Small was the Glory of our High Succeſs,
A Tedious War, and an Imperfect Peace;
Peace Dearly purchas'd, and which Coſt us more
Great Kingdoms than we Conquer'd Towns before.

Actions may miſs of their deſerv'd Applauſe,
When Heaven approves the Men, and not the Cauſe;
And well contriv'd Deſigns miſcarry when
Heaven may approve the Cauſe, but not the Men;

Here

Here then's the Ground of our Expence of Blood,
The Sword of *Gideon*'s, not the Sword of *God*.
The Mighty and the Wiſe are laid aſide,
And Victory *the Sex* has Dignified;
We have bin us'd to *Female Conqueſts* here,
And *Queens* have bin the Glory of the War,
The Scene Revives with Smiles of Providence,
All things Declin'd before, and Proſper ſince;
And as if ill Succeſs had been Entail'd,
The Poſthume Projects are the laſt that fail'd;
As Heaven, whoſe Works are hid from Humane View,
Would blaſt our Old Deſigns, and bleſs our New.

And now the Baffl'd Enterprize grows ſtale,
Their Hopes decreaſe, and juſter Doubts prevail:
The Unattempted *Town* Sings Victory,
And ſcar'd with Walls, and not with Men, we Fly;
Great Conduct in our ſafe Retreat we ſhew,
And bravely Re-imbark when none Purſue;
The Guns, the Ammunitions, put on Board,
And what we could not Plunder, we Reſtor'd.
And thus we Quit the *Andaluſion* Shores,
Drencht with the *Spaniſh* Wine, and *Spaniſh* W——s.
With Songs of Scorn the *Arragonians* Sing,
And loud *Te Deum* make the Valleys Ring.

Uncommon Joys now raiſe the Hopes of *Spain*,
And *Vigo* does their Plate-Fleet Entertain;
The vaſt Galeons Deep-Balaſted with Ore,
Safely reach Home to the *Galitian* Shore.
The Double Joy ſpreads from *Madrid* to *Rome*,
The *Engliſh* Fled, the Silver Fleet's come Home:
From thence it reaches to the Banks of *Po*,
And the Loud Cannons let the *Germans* know.

The ratling Volleys tell their Short-liv'd Joys,
And roar *Te Deum* out in Smoak and Noiſe.
To *Milan* next it flies on Wings of Fame,
There the Young Monarch and his Heroes came,
From ſad *Luzara*, and the *Mantuan* Walls,
To ſeek New Dangers, and to reſcue *Cales*.
His Joy for Welcome Treaſure he expreſt,
But grieves at his good Fortune in the reſt:
The Flying *Engliſh* he had wiſht to ſtay,
To Crown with Conqueſt One Victorious Day.

The Prieſt, in high Proceſſion ſhew their Joy,
And all the Arts of Eloquence Employ,
To feed his Pride of fancy'd Victories,
And raiſe his untry'd Valour to the Skies.
The flattering *Courtiers* his vain Mind poſſeſs
With Airy Hopes of Conqueſt and Succeſs.
Prompt his young Thoughts to run on new Extreams,
And Sycophantick Pride his Heart Enflames;
His *Native Crime* ſprings up, his Pulſe beats high,
With Thoughts of Univerſal Monarchy;
Fancies his Foreign Enemies ſuppreſt,
And Boaſts too ſoon how he'll ſubdue the reſt.
Princes, like other Men, are blind to Fate,
He only ſees the Event who does the Cauſe create.

From hence through *France* the Welcome Tydings fly,
To mock his Ancient Sire with Muſhroom Joy.
Raptures poſſeſs the Ambitious Heads of *France*,
And Golden Hopes their new Deſigns advance.
Now they Conſult to Cruſh the World agen,
And talk of rifling *Chriſtendom* for Men.

New

New Fleets, new Armies, and new Leagues contrive,
And ſwallow Men and Nations up alive;
Preſcribe no Bounds to their Ambitious Pride,
But firſt the Wealth, and then the World, Divide.
Exceſs of Pride to Airy Madneſs grows,
And makes Men ſtrange Romantick things propoſe:
The Head turns round, and all the Fancy's vain,
And makes the World as Giddy as the Brain.
Men that Conſult ſuch Weighty Things as thoſe,
All Poſſible Diſaſters ſhould ſuppoſe:
In vain great *Princes* mighty things Invent,
While Heaven retains the Power to prevent:
He that to General Miſchief makes Pretence,
Should firſt know how to conquer Providence.
Such ſtrive in vain, and only ſhew Mankind,
How Tyrants cloath'd with Power are all enclin'd.

Mean while our melancholy Fleet ſteers Home,
Some griev'd for paſt, for future Miſchiefs ſome:
Diſaſter ſwells the Blood, and Spleen the Face,
And ripens them for glorious Things apace.
With deep Regret they turn their Eyes to *Spain*,
And wiſh they once might Viſit them again.
Little they dreamt that Good which Heaven prepar'd;
No Merit from below, no Signs from Heaven appear'd;
No Hints, unleſs from their high-ripen'd Spleen,
And ſtrange ungrounded Sympathy within.

The ſilent Duke, from all Miſconduct Free,
Alone enjoys the Calm of Honeſty:
Fears nor his Journal ſhould be fairly ſhown,
And Sighs for *England*'s Errors, not his own.

His Conſtant Temper's all ſerene and Clear;
Firſt free from Guilt, and therefore free from Fear.

Not ſo the reſt, for conſcious Thoughts become
More reſtleſs now the nearer they come Home.
The Party-making Feuds on Board begin:
For People always Quarrel when they Sin.
Reflect with Shame upon the things miſ-done,
And ſhift their Faults about from One to One,
Prepare Excuſes, and compute their Friends,
And dread the Fate which their Deſert attends.
Some wiſh for Storms, and curſe the Wind and Sails,
And Dream, no doubt, of Gibbets, and of Jayls;
Imaginary Puniſhments appear,
And ſuited to their ſecret Guilts, their Fear,
Their haſt'ning Fate in their own Fancies Read,
And few, 'tis fear'd, their Innocence can plead.
Then their ſweet Spoils to truſty Hands convey,
And throw the *riſt'd Gods of Spain* away:
Diſgorge that Wealth they dare not entertain,
And wiſh the Nuns *their Maiden-Heads again.*
Diſmiſs their Wealth for fear of Witneſſes,
And purge their Coffers and their Conſciences,
Curſing their *Ill-got Trifles*, but in vain,
For ſtill the Guilt, and ſtill the Fears, remain.

Tell us ye Rabbies of abſtruſer Senſe,
Who jumble Fate and Fools with Providence;
Is this the choſen Army, this the Fleet,
For which Heaven's Praiſes ſound in every Street?
Cou'd Heaven provide them one Occaſion more,
Who had ſo Ill diſcharg'd themſelves before?
That Fleet ſo many former Millions Loſt,
So little had Perform'd, ſo much had Coſt:

That

That Fleet ſo often Mann'd with Knaves before,
That ſerv'd us all the War to make us Poor;
That Twice had made their fruitleſs Voyage to *Spain*,
And ſaw the *Streights*, and *ſo came Home again*:
Our *Wooden Walls* that ſhould Defend our Trade,
And many a Witleſs *Wooden* Voyage ha' made;
How oft have they been fitted out in Vain,
Waſted our Money, and deſtroy'd our Men,
Betray'd our Merchants, and expos'd their Fleets,
And caus'd Eternal Murmurs in our Streets?
The Nation's Genius ſure prevails above,
And Heaven conceals his Anger, ſhows his Love:
The Nation's Guardian Angel has prevail'd,
And on her Guardian Queen new Favours has entail'd.

Now let glad *Europe* in her Turn Rejoice,
And Sing new Triumphs with exalted Voice.
See the glad Poſt of Tidings wing'd with News,
With ſuited Speed the wondring Fleet purſues:
His Haſte diſcern'd, increaſes their Surprize,
The more they wonder, and the more he flies.
Nor Wind, nor Seas, proportion'd Speed can bear;
For Joy and Hope have ſwifter Wings than Fear.
With what Surprize of Joy they meet the News!
Joys, that to every Vein new Spirits infuſe.
The wild Exceſs in Shouts and Cries appear;
For Joys and Griefs are all irregular.

Councils of War for ſake of Forms they call,
But Shame admits of no Diſputes at all:
How ſhould they differ where no Doubt can be?
But if they ſhou'd accept of Victory,
Whether they ſhou'd the great Occaſion take,
Or baffle Heaven, and double their Miſtake?

Wh

Whether the naked and defenceleſs Prize
They ſhould accept; or Heaven and that Deſpiſe?
Whether they ſhou'd Revive their Reputation;
Or ſink it Twice, and Twice Betray the Nation?
Who dare the horrid Negative deſign?
Who dare the Laſt ſuggeſt, the Firſt decline?
Envy her ſelf; *for Satan's always there,*
And keeps his Councils with the God of War.
Tho' with her ſwelling Spleen ſhe ſeem'd to burſt,
Will'd the Deſign while the Event ſhe Curs'd.

The Word's gone out, and now they ſpread the Main
With ſwelling Sails, and ſwelling Hopes, for *Spain:*
To double Vengeance preſt where-e'er they come,
Reſolv'd to pay the Haughty *Spaniard* home:
Reſolv'd by future Conduct to atone
For all our paſt Miſtakes, and all their own.
New Life ſprings up in every *Engliſh* Face,
And fits them all for Glorious Things apace:
The Booty ſome Excites, and ſome the Cauſe;
But more the Hope to gain their loſt Applauſe.
Eager their ſully'd Honour to reſtore,
Some Anger whets, ſome Pride and Vengeance more.

The lazy Minutes now paſs on too ſlow,
Impatient Wiſhes lengthen out the Day;
They chide the loitering Winds for their delay.
As Time is Nature's faithful Meſſenger,
And brings up all we Wiſh, as well as all we Fear.

The Miſts clear up, and now the Scout diſcries
The Subject of their Hopes and Victories:

The

The wish'd for Fleets embay'd, in Harbour lye,
Unfit to fight, and more unfit to fly.
Triumphant Joy throughout the Navy flies,
Eccho'd from Shore with Terror and Surprize.
Strange Power of Noise! which at one simple sound
At once shall some Encourage, some Confound.

In vain the Lion tangl'd in the Snare
With Anguish roars, and rends the trembling Air:
'Tis vain to struggle with Almighty Fate;
Vain and Impossible the weak Debate.
The Mighty Booms the Forts resist in vain,
The Guns with fruitless Force *in Noise* complain.
See how the Troops intrepidly fall on!
Wish for more Foes, and think they fly too soon.
With eager Fury to their Forts pursue,
And think the odds of Four to One too few.
The Land's first Conquer'd, and the Prize attends;
Fate beckens in the Fleet to back their Friends:
Despair succeeds, they struggle now too late,
And soon submit to their prevailing Fate:
Courage is Madness when Occasion's past,
Death's the secureſt Refuge, and the last.

And now the rolling Flames come threatning on,
And mighty Streams of melted Gold run down.
The flaming Oar down to its Center makes,
To Form new Mines beneath the Oazy Lakes.

Here a Galleon with Spicy Drugs enflam'd,
In Odoriferous folds of Sulphur stream'd.
The Gods of Old no such Oblations knew,
Their Spices weak, and their Perfumes but few.

The frighted *Spaniards* from their Treasure fly;
Loth to forsake their Wealth, *but loth to Die.*

Here a vast Carrack flies while none pursue,
Bulg'd on the Shore by her Distracted Crew:
There like a mighty Mountain she appears,
And groans beneath the Golden Weight she bears.
Conquest perverts the Property of Friend,
And makes Men Ruin what they can't Defend:
Some blow their Treasure up into the Air,
With all the wild Excesses of Despair.
Strange Fate! that War such odd Events shou'd have;
Friends would destroy, and Enemies would save:
Others their Safety to their Wealth Prefer,
And mix *some small Discretion* with their Fear.
Life's the best Gift that Nature can bestow;
The first that we receive, the last which we forego:
And he that's *vainly Prodigal of Blood*,
Forfeits his Sense to do his Cause no good.
All Deparation's the Effect of Fear;
Courage is Temper, Valour can't Despair.

And now the Victory's compleatly gain'd;
No Ships to Conquer now, no Foes remain'd.
The mighty Spoils exceed whate'er was known,
That Vanquish'd ever lost, or Victor won:
So great, if Fame shall Future Times remind,
They'll think she Lies, and Libels all Mankind.

Well may the Pious Queen New Anthems raise,
Sing her own Fortunes, and Her Maker's Praise;
Invite the Nation willing Thanks to pay;
And well may all the Mighty Ones Obey.

So

So may they ſing, be always ſo preſerv'd,
By Grace unwiſh'd, and Conqueſt undeſerv'd.

Now let us Welcome Home the Conquering Fleet,
And all their well aton'd Miſtakes forget:
Such high Succeſs ſhou'd all Reſentments drown'd,
Nothing but Joy and Welcome ſhould be found.
No more their paſt Miſcariages Reprove,
But bury all in Gratitude and Love;
Let their high Conduct have a juſt Regard,
And meaner Merit meet a kind Reward.

But now what Fruits of Victory remain?
To Heaven what Praiſe? What Gratitude to Man?
Let *France* ſing Praiſe for Shams of Victories,
And Mock their Maker with Religious Lies:
But *England* bleſt with thankful Hearts ſhall raiſe,
For mighty Conqueſts, mighty Songs of Praiſe.

She needs no falſe Pretences to Deceive:
What all Men ſee, all Men muſt needs believe.
Our Joy can hardly run into Exceſs,
The well known Subject all our Foes confeſs:
We can't deſire more, they can't pretend to leſs.

ANNE, like her Great Progenitor, ſings Praiſe:
Like her ſhe Conquers, and like her ſhe Prays;
Like her ſhe Graces and Protects the Throne,
And counts the Lands Proſperity her own:
Like her, *and long like her*, be Bleſs'd her Reign,
Crown'd with new Conqueſts, and more Fleets from *Spain*.

See now the Royal Chariot comes amain,
With all the willing Nation in her Train,

With

With humble Glory, and with solemn Grace,
Queen in her Eyes, and Christian in her Face.
With Her, Her represented Subjects join;
And when She Prays, th' whole Nation says, *Amen.*

With Her, in Stalls the Illustrious Nobles sat,
The Cherubims and Seraphims of State:
ANNE like a Comet in the Center shone,
And they like Stars that circumserve the Sun.
She Great in them, and they are Great in Her;
Sure Heaven will such Illustrious Praises hear.
The crouding Millions Hearty Blessings pour:
Saint Paul *ne'er saw but one such Dip before.*

FINIS.